

The Critic

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Byron.*

THE period of Byron's first visit to Greece was perhaps the most interesting of his life. During that visit a mind of extraordinary native force at the hour of its first awakening was brought with unoccupied energies in contact with a great and exciting scene. His mind there found just what it most needed—an object. He did not have an invention which could have supplied him with themes. His talent, as he himself said, was of the descriptive kind. Now a descriptive poet is in reality more inventive than descriptive. He expresses himself quite as much as the object which he means to describe. The object is only the occasion of all that he would express. It suggests certain images and musical thoughts; these, together with the object, form an *ensemble* which lives and works in the mind and demands to be uttered. This was the manner of Byron's poetical thoughts. He was imaginative and he expressed himself more than anything else, but an object was nevertheless necessary to him. It was particularly necessary to him at this time in order to awaken and employ the energies of his mind; and the dim and familiar face of English life could not so well serve this purpose as the vivid and unaccustomed aspect of the new scene. That scene afforded a mixture of important elements. Besides containing the theatre of classic history and literature, it presented, what interested him far more deeply, the then almost novel field of Oriental manners. There were also those tales of recent or contemporary adventure to which he listened so earnestly. The whole was situated in a region of the most brilliant natural beauty. It was subjects conceived in the midst of this scene which now absorbed his attention and upon which his mind dwelt with the demonic force of early genius. Byron is now in the midst of all the fortunate and irresistible madness of youth. Twenty-five years ago he had not begun to exist, but with what a bold and commanding eye does he look upon the aged scene about him. The glance of that eye is superior to the authority of history and the ancient framework of nature. This ancient scene was got up for his amusement; the sun and the moon which have witnessed the countless generations of men are his servitors. The eye of youth as it opens upon the world finds the spectacle of existence stationary; we who are older see society in the act of falling into new forms—see even the faces of men and women changing before our eyes like the figures of a kaleidoscope when slowly shaken; but to the youth the child is always a child, the old man has always leaned upon his staff, the strong will always rejoice in their strength, that color in the cheek of girlhood which has in a few hours bloomed and shall in a few hours wane he believes to be eternal; the aspect of the world which his glance reveals is absolute and permanent, while of the whole appearance he is himself the centre and the master. How significant is the expression of Byron's countenance and figure as we see him on the deck of that vessel in the Mediterranean. His face wears the mute and stern look of one who knows that he has within him things of the deepest stress and moment—things which, once uttered, must fix the astonished gaze of men. These secrets have long been accessible to the

world in many volumes of famous poetry; but even these vivid expressions are pale and cold, when compared with the living thoughts, the passions, the longings, that lurk and burn in the depths of that young mind.

Such was the character of the young man who in the year 1809 sailed on board the brig 'Spider' from Malta to Previsa. Mr. Galt, perhaps the most intelligent and discriminating of his biographers, who made this passage with him, thus describes him: 'He was often strangely rapt. Sitting amid the shrouds and ratlines in the tranquillity of the moonlight, crooning an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatross. He was a mystery in a winding sheet crowned with a halo. The influence of the incomprehensible phantasma which hovered about Lord Byron has been more or less felt by whoever approached him. That he sometimes came out of the cloud and was familiar and earthly is true; but his dwelling was amid the murk and the mist; the home of his spirit was in the abyss of the storm and the hiding places of guilt. He was at the time I am speaking scarce two-and-twenty, and could claim no higher praise than having written a clever worldly-minded satire; and yet it was impossible even then to reflect on the bias of his mind without experiencing a presentiment that he was destined to execute some singular and ominous purpose.' It is true that at this time he was only known as the author of a saucy poem of the satirical description, but he had already published lines which show to the full some of his greatest qualities—the force, the mad and sweet boyish music, and boundless eagerness of mind.

The poetry of Byron is marked in the main by intense truth. He was veracious in two senses: first, in the extreme intensity of his thoughts; and, secondly, in the fidelity with which he expresses just what is in his mind. He is truer than most other poets on account of the exceeding vivacity of his impressions; his elation, his pain, his admiration of female beauty—all the motions of his mind are livelier than those of most other poets. His elation is so keen and joyful. Sit down by the fire some pleasant morning with his book in hand and open carelessly at the first four lines of 'The Corsair,' 'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,' etc. You will find that these lines have force enough nearly to turn you out of your chair. In an instant you see around you the sparkle of a million waves and look fathoms deep into the morning blue of the Mediterranean ether; for fully ten minutes you are appalled at the mistake you made when you did not take up this piratical kind of life. Byron's expressions seem to supersede those of other poets and to reprove them as being too tame and cold. He was one who rushed before the world, exclaiming that his elders, with the poor generalities in which they sought to express existence for the instruction of his childhood, had been arrant deceivers, that society and nature were more brilliant, the passions brighter or darker, women more beautiful, and the colors of life deeper and stronger than he had been taught or the poets had said. Moreover, his poetical illusion is more genuine than that of most other poets. In how many others do we find in the same degree that fury which literary convention assigns to the singers of early society? This young English gentleman, recently from Cambridge, has the frenzy and strong possession of an old bard with a long beard who might stand with a lyre by the side of a 'foaming flood.' Compare, for instance, with the 'Isles of Greece' the beautiful but somewhat finical composition which Gray's own bard recites over the stream into which he is about to plunge; it reads like the lecture of a professor of poetry.

I say that he is also remarkable for the fidelity with which he expresses just what is in his mind. He is troubled with no halting prudence. He conceals nothing for fear that it may be immoral or ridiculous. This quality is no doubt partly due to the force and simplicity of his mind; and I am not sure that it is one to be lauded or imitated. But whatever may be the explanation of this quality of Byron's, it is certain that few even among honest people express their minds so faithfully as he did. Yet at the same time that Byron is intenser and truer than most other poets, there is in his poetry an admixture of unpleasant falsehood. When he is writing of love or war or liberty, his pen often seems to be running along in accordance with a certain convention—a convention indeed of his own creation—with scarcely any reference to the truth of what he is saying. This may have had something to do with that mental adolescence of which I have spoken, but I have often thought it to go deeper than that. I have at times fancied that he was wanting in 'clean grit,' and have

* This essay was begun in the last number of THE CRITIC, published on March 25.

thought of him with an eye somewhat furtive, a manner exaggerated and unsteady, a behavior in which evasiveness was blended with an incessant unrest, the result of an incessant self-accusation.

Byron said that he had always had a want of self-respect; he said also that he believed the last opinion which he heard. One might have guessed both of these things without being told, but they are interesting and have a connection with one another. There is such a quality as a native want of self-respect. It may exist in people independently of anything they have done to produce it. There are certain people whose disposition it is to accuse themselves. Where this disposition exists, matter for accusation can always be found. A man of this temper will ascribe to himself with almost a kind of greed any bad quality of which mention is made. If it is not at first sight obvious that he can do this justly, he does not hesitate to employ a little ingenuity to that end. The mind of such a man is like a court in which the prosecutor is watchful, able and determined, and the counsel for the defence feeble, timid and silent. If the man have a keen imagination he is all the more at the mercy of this disposition, for he will make an image of himself practising this wicked quality, and, with him, seeing and believing are one. Now this is, no doubt, an exaggeration of Byron's character, but he had the unsteadiness of mind and violence of mood which are likely to accompany such a disposition. He had, indeed, a temper somewhat resembling that which I have here described, and would have had it, though his life had been far more correct than it was. The poem which contains the most interesting account of his relation to this subject is 'Manfred.' 'Manfred' is inferior as a work of art to many of his works, but I doubt if there is one of them which shows the dignity of his mind as this does. In Manfred Byron represents one who is cut off by his misdeeds from the fellowship of the race. He is without a human tie. The reader will remember, for instance, that when he meets the friendly mountaineer on the Jungfrau, although these two men may exchange kindly greetings, and though they may take one another by the hand, and though to any other eyes than those of Manfred they may not appear to differ greatly, an impassable barrier divides them. One thinks of Manfred as without even a political relation; he has but the faintest possible connection with that country for which he is ready to die were he fit for so honorable a devotion. Nay, a circle is drawn about him separating him from the entire universe. It is shown in the poem that Nature is not of such as he and his thoughts. She is careless of his overthrow and of his abasement before her image. The stain of sunrise remains above the hills as deep and fresh as when first seen by the eyes of infancy. We may imagine a momentary dialogue which Nature holds with Manfred. In the midst of her incessant and simultaneous activities—her pensive and profound dreams and far-darting waking thoughts—for one rapidly passing moment of time her mighty and nimble consciousness rests upon the sufferer. There lives for an instant upon her countenance a smile of gay derision, which runs quickly into the remote and keen expression of an angelic mirth; that smile is awakened by the thought that there could be aught in common between herself and this alien mind.

The reader of 'Manfred' perceives how gentle is the ecclesiastical condemnation reserved for the offender in comparison with that which Nature and himself pronounce. To such as Manfred, Christianity with its vast heaven occupying the upper air, its puny hell, its kind Madonna, its many bright and graceful observances, and that air which it wears of exercising an almost comic supervision over the universe, seems like the castle-building of childish and thoughtless optimists. In the final scenes of the play it is the priest who is the madman and not Manfred; the intrusion of his company upon the damned spirit of the lord of the castle is represented as irrelevant and absurd.

Of course, Manfred is not an exact expression of Byron's character, but it was, no doubt, a true expression of a state of mind which lingered much about him. The willingness to accept death which Byron ascribes to Manfred is a part of Byron's own character. A readiness to meet death halfway was one of his traits. This feeling was, of course, due to the despair and confusion resulting from the character of his life. He said to a friend once: 'Who cares to live? Not I; I don't care for death a damn.' There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of this. A man with a state of mind like Byron's has not the normal sense of the human species respecting death. He does not think of it as the end, inevitable indeed, but still remote enough to allow him his allotted

portion of activity and enjoyment; to him it does not lie a good way off, to be reached after many goings up and down in the world. He sees, if one may say so, an open grave by the side of him.

I may here say that Byron has suffered from the fact that his generation put him a little outside the pale of common humanity. They thought him something more than a man. Of course this was a mistake; of course he was but a man, with a man's limitations, and having only such thoughts and feelings as are possible to a man. The mistake of his generation was due to the fact that they did not see the man and the whole man clearly. He had obtained so much of the public sympathy and attention, and he took up so large a place in the mind of individuals that men did not retain their self-possession and discrimination in looking at him, and were not able to resist the incorrect notions concerning him of which society was full. Moreover, the violence and peculiarity of the emotions to which he called their attention made it especially difficult for them to critically comprehend the poet. Whose ever fault this was, it certainly was not Byron's. It was no fault of his if people borrowed from one another incorrect ideas about him; it was no fault of his if the experience of common men did not enable them to comprehend and gauge his emotions. It was, therefore, through no fault of his that he came to be considered as rather extra-human. I think that the fame of Byron has suffered considerably from this mistake both in his own day and since; for this way of regarding him has been to some extent received by this generation from the two preceding ones. It is one which time, no doubt, will correct.

A reminiscence has lasted to this time of the disgust which a surfeit of the Byronic ideas and personality produced in the minds of the last generation. To this reminiscence is due the coldness and unwillingness with which Byron is read at this time. Although he is no doubt read more than formerly, I believe the feeling of the usual reader of the present day towards his works to be that of a cold curiosity. Until he has become interested in these poems, he is really averse from them; and he is particularly inaccessible to those parts in which the personal character of the poet is asserted. Such a passage as this for instance offends and puzzles him:

'Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,—
Still must I on.'

'Very fine poetry, certainly,' he would say. 'But why such a fuss? The poet evidently wishes to go upon a journey. Why not? *Bon voyage!* He should get a Cook's ticket,' etc. This is, no doubt, a vulgar and impudent state of mind to hold toward such poetry; but I believe that a reader of this day would be apt to resent the poet's demand that his idiosyncrasies should be scrutinized. It would appear absurd to him that the great world should give the attention due mighty questions and enterprises to the personal qualities of one man.

This was what the world of that day did. It is necessary to keep in mind Byron's relation to his contemporaries. In judging any subjective poet the impression produced upon his generation needs to be especially considered. The particular quality of the subjective poet is his power to influence the characters of men who have never known or seen him as if he lived in the same house or village with them; in other words, his power to throw upon their minds the spectacle of himself and to rule them through his hold upon their sympathies. It is his contemporaries, rather than posterity, whom he affects by this power. Men may be affected in this manner by a poet of a former age, but not, I think, to the same degree as by a poet of their own age. This is so for two reasons. The sympathy of the reader with the poet of a former age is likely to be individual and singular; but others besides himself are influenced by the contemporaneous poet, and the effect of the poet upon him is heightened by the impression which many share. Besides, the poet of the past is known; his position has been determined. Into no matter how close contact the reader may come with him, he cannot but be mindful of the position which posterity has assigned him. But the poet of the present is not known; he has not been determined. He is a comet whose orbit has not been ascertained. The brilliant intruder hangs in the zenith; and men looking upward do not know whether, like other friendly visitants which have before appeared to beautify the firmament, it, too, will depart upon its appointed path, or whether its downward track may bear somewhat near their own planet. It really makes little difference which, since the splendid

object is only made of gas. And as all comets are composed of the same gases, so all poets are made of much the same principles and affections. The new poet is after all but the old human mind in a new dress. But men are not able to remember this. One of the powers of the subjective poet is to communicate a kind of paralysis to the mind of his reader, by means of which it happens that they are unable to judge him with any decision. This power, indeed, the general power of the subjective poet, appears to be due mainly to the superiority of the poet's will, to the absorbed concentration of his mind upon his own thoughts, to his sense of the importance of these thoughts.

If the effect of the poet upon his contemporaries be the measure of his subjective power, perhaps no poet ever had this power to the degree that Byron did. Old people in America yet relate, as evidence of the passion with which he was read in their youth, that in parts of the country where books were few, his poems were copied out in manuscript and handed on from house to house. There was some clever man of that day who declared the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' to be the greatest literary achievement ever performed. Those vexatious and impertinent notes in Murray's edition in which the opinion of a reviewer is thrust upon you when you would rather be getting your own notion of a fine passage, serve at least the purpose of keeping before you the public which Byron addressed. The state of mind of a Byron-struck man of that day may be regarded as a kind of register of the degree of the poet's force. That state of mind is to be seen in the periodicals and the published correspondence of the time; these contain an interesting record of the feat which Byron performed upon his generation.

LONDON, March, 1882.

E. S. NADAL.

Literature

"The Voyage of the Vega."

THE same year that brings us the melancholy details of a great Arctic disaster brings also the full and carefully-written history of a great Arctic success. Against the shipwreck of the 'Jeannette' we may fairly set off in our Arctic profit-and-loss account the circumnavigation of Europe and Asia by the 'Vega'; and to the perhaps scanty scientific results of the American expedition, we may now add the magnificent contribution of the Swedes.—In an octavo volume of nearly eight hundred closely printed pages, Baron Nordenskiöld has given us a full and detailed history of the voyage of the 'Vega' around the northern coast of Europe and Asia and a carefully prepared summary of the scientific work accomplished by her officers and naturalists. To say that this volume is one of the most important additions that have been made to Arctic literature within the past quarter of a century is to give it faint praise. It is perhaps the most valuable contribution ever made by a single expedition to our knowledge of the North Polar regions. The first thing which strikes the reader as he turns the leaves of this large and beautifully illustrated volume is that it is not in any sense of the words a narrative of hardship and adventure such as we are accustomed to expect and to receive from explorers of the Arctic regions. The 'Vega' was never in any imminent danger, and her crew were never exposed to any severe hardships. The voyage was so wisely planned, so skilfully executed, and so favored by fortune, that the voyagers very nearly succeeded in sailing through the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a single summer.—Leaving Tromsø, July 21st, 1878, the Vega steamed around the north of Europe and along the Siberian coast for a distance of nearly 4000 miles, without encountering anywhere ice which was heavy or closely packed enough to be a serious obstacle to navigation. It was not until she reached a point distant only about 120 miles from Bering Strait, and almost within sight of the open water of the Pacific, that she was finally stopped by ice and frozen in, Sept. 28th, 1878. Here the ship passed the winter in safety, and upon being liberated, July 18th, 1879, she resumed her voyage and two days later completed the North-east Passage by sailing through Bering Strait into the Pacific Ocean. Thus was finally attained, after more than three centuries of endeavor, the object which had been sought by generation after generation of bold and skilful navigators, and had again and again been given up as impracticable and hopeless.

The question naturally suggests itself, By what means did Nor-

denskiöld achieve success in the field where all his predecessors had failed? The answer may be given in three words—steam-power and knowledge. All previous searchers for a North-east passage had been dependent, so far as their movements were concerned, upon shifting and uncertain winds, and had been unable to take advantage of the favorable opportunities which from time to time presented themselves. Nordenskiöld, on the other hand, with his steam-power, could move where and when he wished, and could avail himself promptly of every opening in the ice, or transient change in its position. Moreover, by long experience and careful study, he had made himself familiar with all the physical and climatic conditions of the region which he proposed to explore; and to the thorough and accurate knowledge that guided his vessel's movements must be mainly attributed the success which crowned her voyage.

The same patient thoroughness which Nordenskiöld exhibited in preparing for his Arctic enterprise he has shown in writing up its history and setting forth its results. His book is not a mere record of a great geographical achievement, or a mere narrative of an unusually successful voyage: it is a perfect encyclopedia of Arctic information. One can hardly frame a question of any kind with regard to the history, geography, natural productions, climate, scenery, or inhabitants, of the North Siberian coast, which this book does not answer, and answer with a fulness of detail and a careful accuracy of statement which leave no room either for misunderstanding or for further interrogations. Not only this, but the book is full of the most curious and out-of-the-way information, such as the connection between religion and scurvy (p. 207); the date when lead-pencils first came into use in Europe (p. 576); the prevalence of snow-blindness among Arctic animals (p. 403); the influence of the rotation of the earth upon the banks of rivers (p. 286); the *vasa murrhina* brought to Rome after the campaign against Mithridates (p. 577); and a history of the traffic in jade (p. 577). Some of these subjects seem very far removed from the field of Arctic research; but it will be found upon examination that even the *vasa murrhina* and the invention of lead-pencils are directly related to Arctic facts which came under Nordenskiöld's observation, and that each has its bearing upon some circumstance of Arctic life or history. Among the more prominent features of the book are the history of previous explorations of the Arctic Ocean north of Asia; and the extremely fresh and interesting account of the life, customs, and physical characteristics of the Siberian Chookchees. These two topics together occupy more than one third of the entire volume. In the author's historical review of the labors of his predecessors, we find given, for the first time in English, a full and accurate account of the attempts of the Russians to explore the North Siberian coast—a chapter of Arctic history which is full of interest and which ought to have been written long ago. The description of the Siberian Chookchees is as full, accurate, and satisfactory as we should expect it to be from what we know of the author's mental habits and his excellent opportunities for observation. But in assigning to this small but interesting Arctic tribe a place below the Alaskan Eskimo on the scale of civilization, and in asserting that the latter have been greatly improved and benefited by intercourse with American whalers (p. 73), Baron Nordenskiöld takes a view which is diametrically opposed to that of most American observers, particularly Captain Hooper and Professor Muir. His conclusion, also, that the Chookchees, as a people, are changing in the direction of decadence, rather than of progress, is open to serious question.

The purely scientific results of the voyage of the 'Vega,' which take up so much space in Baron Nordenskiöld's volume, include descriptions of all the animals and lists of all the plants found in the region which the 'Vega' explored, together with extended discussions of the aurora-borealis, of the frost formation of Siberia and the mammoth remains found therein, and of the temperature, winds, currents, ice, and navigation of the Asiatic Arctic Ocean. Among the important conclusions to which the author comes, with regard to certain unsettled or controverted questions, are—that the Siberian plains never were covered with glacial ice, and have undergone little change in recent geologic times; that the Arctic Ocean scarcely anywhere permanently freezes over, away from land, where it is deep; and that there is, at least at times, open and navigable water around the pole itself. In connection with this last conclusion, the author refers to the fact that the three vessels of the Swedish Arctic expedition of 1868 were very nearly wrecked 'by a tremendous sea, in 80 north latitude, at

* The Voyage of the Vega. By Baron A. Nordenskiöld. Translated by Alex. Leslie. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

the end of January,' when the Arctic Ocean was open far to the north-westward from Spitzbergen.—In summing up the characteristics of Baron Nordenskiöld's book, it may be said that while it is strong in facts it is weak in descriptions, and must as a picturesque narrative of travel be ranked below the works of Payer, Kane, and Hayes. The translation is very bad, and the spelling of geographical names simply chaotic.

"Shakspeare's Sonnets." *

WE venture no paradox in saying that the Sonnets are the best thing in this volume. One is strongly tempted to 'cut' both the Introduction and the Dedication; to begin where Shakspeare begins—'From fairest creatures we desire increase'; to read right on to the last line of Sonnet CLIV.; and then to close the book, leaving the appended Notes unread till the Sonnets shall have ceased to give pleasure without their assistance. This would, of course, be doing injustice to Mr. Dowden, though he, in his heart, might pardon the transgressor. No doubt, for his own part, Mr. Dowden prefers the Parchment Series edition of his book, which lacks Part II. of the Introduction, and is enriched with fewer notes. Yet these notes are interesting, and will be of value to those who have not yet overcome the minor difficulties of the Sonnets. It is the addition to the Introduction—Part II.—that troubles the reviewer, and will trouble the general reader if he attempts to read it. It gives a survey of the literature of the Sonnets, epitomizing the comments of a score or more of critics on their style and object.

The rock on which these scholiasts go to pieces is the Dedication prefixed by Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, to the first edition of the poems: 'To the onlie begetter of these insving sonnets, M. W. H., all happinesse, and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventvrer in setting forth. T. T.' Let us examine this dedication closely. To begin, what is meant by 'begetter'? A majority of Shakspearian students answer, 'Inspirer.' But then Dr. Ingleby, with one or two others, holds that 'author' is the word designed; and the definition 'obtainer,' or 'procurer' (procurer for the publisher, that is), is favored by Charles Knight, J. Payne Collier, R. Cartwright, Samuel Neil, Gerald Massey, Richard Grant White, Prof. Karl Elze and N. Delius, some of whom have proposed the names of William Hathaway (the poet's brother-in-law), William Harte (his nephew), and William Hughes ('A man in hue, all hues in his controlling'). Admitting 'inspirer' to be the true interpretation of the word, who *was* that amorous and beautiful young bachelor? The weight, if not of argument, yet of plausible argument, is certainly in favor of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. But Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, has been nominated, and his claims assiduously pressed. And still further to confuse the painful commentator, has not Herr Barnstorff come forward and declared that W. H. must stand for Mr. William Himself? (There is nothing better than this in the comedies of Mr. Wm. S.—i.e., Mr. William *Soimême*).—Another nut for the Shakspearian scholiast to crack: Sonnets I. to CXXVI. are apparently addressed to 'a man right fair'; the ensuing twenty-eight to 'a woman colored ill' (a mulatto, or quadroon, says another German commentator)! Yet W. H. is described as the 'onlie begetter' (or inspirer). Again it has been claimed that the Sonnets were mere poetical exercises, undertaken at the request and for the edification of the poet's friends; yet again, that they are wholly personal, were addressed to no one, and were to be read by no one but the author himself; finally (let us hope), that they were purely and profoundly allegorical.

But what boots it to determine the identity of Mr. W. H.; to decide whether he was the inspirer or only the obtainer of these masterworks; to prove or disprove that they were addressed to an Ideal Man (as asserted by J. A. Heraud), to 'the soul materialized' (as alleged by T. D. Budd), or to a natural son of William Shakspeare (as suggested by G. T. Smith)? since, alas! they were not even *written* by William Himself, an Australian pamphlet having claimed them for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a Californian 'address' having proved them the work of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. What wonder that the begetter of this address should rate her achievement as 'a realization of the deepest reach of sympathetic intuition of which the heart and soul are capable.' Verily, Mrs. Windle, thou art wise beyond what is written.

Mr. Dowden rightly holds that the history of opinion respecting

the Sonnets which he gives here in comparatively narrow limits is as 'curious, and perhaps as edifying,' as might be 'a history of opinion respecting the Apocalyptic number 666.'

Gautier's Fantastic Tales.*

HERE is the quintessence of Théophile Gautier's work. He had ambitions as poet, as story-teller, as weaver of romances. In his 'Romans et Contes,' he does his best in all three characters, and these are now presented to American readers by a translator quite in harmony with his spirit. That they merit study, nay, that they compel it, we do not stickle to affirm, for Gautier has had his influence on modern thought. We owe to him the erotic poetry of Swinburne. He begot the 'Charmides' of Mr. Oscar Wilde. As the parent of this notable brood he is found by the later generation to be just what might be expected—tawdry in diction, trivial in thought, lewd in imagination—as story-teller common, as weaver of romances trite, as poet obscure.

The two leading stories in this collection are 'La Morte Amoureuse' and 'Une nuit de Cléopâtre,' and the mood which conceived them is described by Mr. Swinburne as being

'The love that caught strange light from death's own eyes,
And filled death's lips with fiery words and sighs,
And, half asleep, let feed from veins of his
Her close, red, warm snakes'-mouth, Egyptian-wise;
And that great night of love more strange than this,
When she that made the whole world's bale and bliss,
Made king of the whole world's desire a slave,
Aud killed him in mid-kingdom with a kiss.'

We transcribe these verses, which some young ladies might take for poetry, to show that the two stories in question are accepted by Gautier's most favored disciples to be excellent specimens of his talent. Let us gaze undazzled on his radiant Cleopatra. 'Admire,' says his translator, 'the wealth of erudition. Marvel at the archæological research.' Worthy translator, know you not that a German scholar, one Bekker, has compiled two works of marvellous archæological research, and that nobody ever attributed the gift of genius to the author of 'Gallus' and 'Charicles'? Did not M. de Coulanges, to whom no Academy opened its doors, write that wonderful book 'La Cité Antique'? Did not the late Colonel Whyte-Melville, who rode straight to hounds and was adored by the younger officers of the English army, depict the life of ancient Rome with great exactness in 'The Gladiators'? Believe us, translator. So long as encyclopædias endure, antiquarian novelists will abound. The 'wealth of erudition' is supplied with scissors and paste, and it argues a shortness of literary vision to mistake the paste for diamonds.

Gautier's Cleopatra comes forth to bathe. A tender tint of rose 'refreshes the passionate pallor of her cheeks.' A blue network of veins 'relieves the amber blondness of her temples.' Emotion makes her nostrils 'palpitate like the nostrils of an amorous tigress.' She dips her 'pink heel' in the water and proceeds to disport herself, now 'clinging suspended to the balustrade of the basin,' now 'permitting only her lustrous and polished back to be seen.' Wherever she goes she is accompanied by the same flourish of sonorous words. If she lies in a barge its oars 'seem to crawl over the furrowed water like the legs of a gigantic scarabæus.' If she looks on the Nile, its waters, 'sluggish and wan, slowly extend themselves in sheets of molten tin.' Through the foliage round her bath she sees 'a burning eye, yellow and phosphoric as the eye of a crocodile or lion.' In the banquet hall she 'attaches golden crotali to her alabaster hands, and dances 'with head reversed, eyes half closed, arms lifelessly relaxed.' The reader loses patience. 'What manner of man is this?' he cries. 'He has for heroine, Cleopatra, the Serpent of old Nile, into whose heart poets have tried to look, and he can only regard her as possessing alabaster hands, a pink heel, the nostrils of an amorous tigress, and a lustrous and polished back!'

The defect, of course, is want of imagination. Gautier had no imagination whatever; his fancy was merely florid and vulgar. One reflects what Hawthorne or Poe might have done with the plot of 'La Morte Amoureuse.' It is the story of Mlle. Clarimonde, a splendid courtesan, who died and turned vampire. In her ghostly form she fell in love with a priest. One morning her lover cut his finger. 'Her eyes flashed; her face suddenly assumed an expression of savage and ferocious joy. She leaped out of her bed with animal agility, and sprang upon the wound, which

* The Sonnets of William Shakspeare. Edited by Edward Dowden. With Introduction and Notes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

* One of Cleopatra's Nights, and other Fantastic Romances. By Théophile Gautier. Faithfully translated by Lafcadio Hearn. \$2.75. New York: R. Worthington.

she commenced to suck with an air of unutterable pleasure. She swallowed the blood in little mouthfuls, slowly and carefully, like a connoisseur tasting a wine from Xeres or Syracuse. Gradually her eyes half closed, and the pupils of her green eyes became oblong instead of round. The priest did not mind it. He rather liked, as Mr. Swinburne puts it, to 'let feed from veins of his her close, red, warm snake's mouth, Egyptian-wise.' But what shall be thought of an author who presents these puerilities to an audience of grown men and women?

'Arria Marcella,' the heroine of another tale, is a young lady who comes to life among the ruins of Pompeii. She fascinates a handsome Frenchman, who afterwards marries an English girl and remains true, despite the disparity of some two thousand years in their ages, to the maiden of Pompeii. In another story the author buys a mummy's foot, and the Princess Hermonthis, dead thirty centuries since, comes from Egypt to claim it. In 'Omphale' he falls in love with a beauty woven in tapestry, who steps down every night from the wall to bear him company. 'King Candaules,' the last of the collection, is our old Herodotean friend, turned from perfect Greek prose into flowing French. In all these stories a true *fantaisiste* would find fit themes for humorous treatment. Gautier simply makes them an occasion for words, words, words. His style should be studied. It contains probably every quality that a writer of our day should avoid.

Educational Works.

IF ONE must learn German out of a book, 'German Principia'* is on the whole a good book to use. It gives a compact outline of the grammar, accompanied with exercises, generally well arranged, and plenty of vocabularies. We notice a few errors, which a competent teacher will of course render harmless. For example: it is a mere artificiality to say that the German 'a' has always the same sound; as if the 'a' in *Hand* were of the same quality with the 'a' in *Bahn*. And when we read: 'ä, when long, is pronounced like the English 'ai' in 'fair': as, *Käse*, 'cheese'; when short, it is pronounced like the English 'a' in 'hat': as, *Hände*, 'hands,' we are led to wonder what province gave birth to the 'eminent German scholar' who revised the work. The list of strong verbs is defective and not always accurate: e.g., under *backen* we find as the imperfect only *bak*, and are told nothing of *bachte*, which is now common; under *rächen* we find only *roch*, and not *rüchte*; under *schrecken* only *schrack* and *geschrocken*—neither *schreckte* nor *geschreckt*; and so of *erschrecken*; though in these cases a difference of meaning is connected with the double forms. The verb *fragen* we miss altogether, and yet *frag* is still heard not infrequently in Germany. In spite of these inaccuracies, however, and others like them, the book is a practical and useful one.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS republish three books on English Grammar and Composition, written by the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, Head Master of the City of London School. The first volume—'How to Tell the Parts of Speech'—was noticed in a recent number of THE CRITIC. The other two are before us.† They possess many excellences and some faults. Among the former are clearness, precision, and good arrangement. The main fault arises from the mission the author has, in common with many writers, for 'driving it home.' If 'How to Parse' (i) leaves out anything that can be said on the subject of the relations of words, we do not know it. One certainly would suppose much might safely be left out without doing great violence to the feelings of the London youth. But then one cannot be sure. The scores of little boxes with compartments in which words are penned—nouns in some, adjectives in others, verbs in a third set—so that subjects shall not jump over into the pens which belong to verbs, and so that adjectives, which are poor relations of substantives, may not have access to the bins of their substantial kinsmen,—may, after all, be useful to the small boy, and delightful to his agile mind. Who can deny that it is fun to vault over the fence into Ad-verb's box, pick up a little fellow by the ears, and tumble him into the bin of Gentleman Verb, to whom he rightfully belongs, and whose questions he is morally bound to answer? Think of trying to make a relative sit perched outside a fence, with a leg dangling in each of his bins, while a little collection of words, called a sentence, in either bin, is hauling at the legs aforesaid with a view to make the relative 'agree' with its side! There is nothing like object teaching, and various are the devices by which we can insert knowledge. But seriously, children do sometimes understand plain statements,

and when they do not it is easier to find on the spot some form of illustration which will drive the lesson home. Why should the mind be puzzled and the page deformed by images which in the long run add to the confusion? Of the third volume, 'How to Write Clearly,' (2) we have but little room to speak. The book consists of some fifty-six rules, duly illustrated, and intended for use in the school-room. The rules themselves are short and simple. Pupils will find them useful to study, and teachers might with advantage keep them by for their suggestiveness, when compositions are undergoing correction.

Recent Fiction.

THE word 'heroine' implies superlative degrees, but not too many of them. We are prepared for the extreme beauty of the heroine of 'Her Picture,'* although extremely beautiful women are more rare than novelists would have us believe; we accept as a matter of course her creamy arms and ebony hair, with the exquisite little hands and feet; and are not too incredulous to believe that to natural charms she adds a perfect taste in gowns; so that when rich she wears dreams of dresses—it being remembered that Worth is the dreamer of them—with so many old family jewels that at a fancy ball she finds her dress too stiff with them to permit her to dance; and when poor, cuts and makes her own Worth dresses with such skill that no one observes the difference. We do not question the possibility of her being also a remarkable cook and housekeeper, and we are glad to learn that she possessed a magnificent voice—one that would have made her fortune on the stage—with tones so glorious that gentlemen listening to it actually let their cigars go out. Our confidence is shaken for a moment when we are told that she sings her glorious songs either in Scotch, Béarnais, English, Spanish, French, German, or Italian, as the taste or nationality of the hearer may dictate. The accomplishments begin to seem too varied for human nature, and we cease to believe in her at all when we find that the object in life of this glorious creature with the magnificent voice is to be 'funny'!

In the earlier chapters she is nothing if not vivacious; and she skips from chapter to chapter with the sprightliness of the light-hearted people who frisked through the pages of the little story called 'One Summer.' It seems suddenly to occur to the author that the literary taste of the time is for wickedness; and almost without warning she plunges into the vices of society and of fashionable young men. We say *she* advisedly, for the exclamatory 'By Jove!' and the frequent 'Hang it!' seem to betray a woman's eagerness to make the conversation of her heroes appear manly. She is—happily—not sufficiently versed in wickedness to make this part of the book a success; but she does succeed in lowering its tone to one of extreme commonness. Better be commonplace than common. If the author has a *forte* it is the idyllic and the 'funny'; and although we perused the opening chapters with a languid indulgence for an airiness of tone which seemed to mark the advent of the first summer novel of the season, we found them infinitely preferable to the society chapters at the close.

WHOEVER has read 'A Life's Atonement,' by David Christie Murray, will rejoice in the promise of another novel by the same author; a promise which the story of 'Joseph's Coat' † amply fulfils. It can hardly be said to have a hero, for it deals almost entirely with the motives and actions of hypocrites and scoundrels, or of the easy-going, thoughtless fellows in whom carelessness, in its consequences, amounts almost to rascality. The trials of the story, perhaps even the rascality of the neglected son, brought up under false pretences, spring from the negligence of Joseph in leaving the 'marriage lines' of his unacknowledged wife in an old cast-off coat. The novelty of Mr. Murray's treatment of his theme consists in his dealing less with retributive justice to the scoundrels themselves than with the widespread misery to the innocent. He writes from the standpoint that no one in the world is so much to be pitied as a rascal, and from a strong belief that no one would ever be a rascal could he clearly foresee what others would do or suffer as the consequence. In style, Mr. Murray's work is a literary treat.

WE should have hardly recognized 'The Burgomaster's Wife' ‡ as the work of Ebers; for although it is an historical tale of the sixteenth century requiring much patient research for faithful delineation, the author has succeeded in laying aside much of his ponderous erudition and written a story so full of life and incident as almost to make us forget the history. It opens with a spirited scene among the boys of the period, and closes with a vivid description of the distress of Leyden; the Burgomaster's wife filling the intervening space with grace and dignity.

* German Principia. Part I. A First German Course. On the Plan of Dr. William Smith's Principia Latina. Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.
† (i) How to Parse. An attempt to apply the Principles of Scholarship to English Grammar. \$1. (s) How to Write Clearly. Rules and Exercises in English Composition. 60 cts. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Her Picture. \$1. (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.
† Joseph's Coat. By David Christie Murray. Cloth, \$1; paper, 60 cts. (Trans-Atlantic Novels.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
‡ The Burgomaster's Wife. By Georg Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger.

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"We are glad to be able to bear our tribute to the excellent manner in which THE CRITIC is conducted. It is not quite so old as the present year [1881], and it has already established its reputation as the first literary journal in America. We say this advisedly."—LONDON ACADEMY.

Longfellow.

THE beautiful old poet has left us—not unexpectedly, for hushed rumors from Cambridge had led us long since to look for his departure—not prematurely, for his genius had flowered and passed its long summer, and the autumnal fruit had ripened and been gathered in. We could only look for a little more, though that little, like the prize of Achilles, would have been precious. It is now nearly sixty years since the first blossoming, and for half a century the flavor of the fruit has been known and recognized the world over for its delicacy and pure quality. Longfellow's name went abroad but a little behind Irving's and Cooper's. It travelled farther than Bryant's, more swiftly than Hawthorne's, and it is to-day, across the water, dearer than any other name in American literature. We all here have our favorites, but in the pure, amiable, home-like qualities, that reach the heart and captivate the ear, no one places Longfellow second. He, more surely than any other, touches the best hopes and sweetest longings in our own nature. He has done as much as the best to diffuse the spirit of ripe culture, of refined taste—the atmosphere of gentle and chaste scholarship—over a land that sorely needed such an atmosphere. When they made him Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, they made him presiding genius over the Belles-Lettres of America, and the scholars throughout the country might well have claimed the privilege of contributing to his salary. He taught us all, and chastened us all, lifting even the blacksmith at the forge, the woodman on the frontier, as well as the student in his laboratory. His volumes became a university for the poor and ignorant. And they remain; but the beautiful old gray-haired poet—he looked every inch the poet—is gone. He grew up with the literary growth of America, which dates no further back than his boyhood. He was in himself a very essential and important factor in that growth; and now he leaves our literature well-born, nobly-nurtured, far-travelled, and secure of its future. There will be greater epochs in its development than have been, but none more beautiful, more redolent, than that fine season when the breath of ancient learning first mingled with the crisp winds of New England in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Hints to Society Journalists.

OUR society journalists do not make the best of their opportunities. They have fallen upon us in swarms; their weekly organs are much read by the *beau monde*; they have even their column in our lively contemporary, the *Sun*. The popularity thus gained they scarcely know how to keep. Their style has a brutal frankness quite out of keeping with their business. They plainly announce that 'two very elegant dinners have been given'; that 'cards are out for the Easter week weddings'; that 'three new engagements have been added to the Lenten list.' What a bald, unvarnished manner is this! Where is our friend, Mr. Puff, to teach these writers 'to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor?' If they are to

take their place in active journalism, they must get a better mastery of their art.

Observe how the thing is done in England. There the editor does not explicitly state that Sir Curry Chutnee is recalled from service in the East. He announces that he 'is asked to prepare for an important announcement with regard to Sir Curry Chutnee, and the relinquishing of his appointment as Governor of the Andaman Islands.' He does not divulge the terms of an operative contract, but 'thinks there is no indiscretion in rectifying a rumor that Signor Pizzicato will not lead next season at Covent Garden.' Nor does he ruffle society by publishing the bans of marriage. He is content to 'wonder what foundation there is for the rumor that reaches me from several quarters of the approaching wedding of a noble lord, who at one time held office under the late government, with a wealthy widow, who has passed the term of years mentioned by the Psalmist.' This is the way to set people talking. Begin by saying that 'no *canard* is too absurd to find credence,' and then relate your story. Deprecate scandal, and then tell your scandalous anecdote. Qualify at the end as at the beginning, and when all the objectionable facts are out, add in a line 'These rumors are, of course, ridiculously false.'

The society journalist must also make himself the champion of the aristocracy. He must be acquainted with them all. 'A good many people who ought to have known,' he is sometimes forced to write, 'have asked me who is Lord Stump, whose name we see so often in the cricket reports.' He must defend their titular privileges. 'Can it be true,' he asks, 'that the figure of the Earl of Gillyflower is so unfamiliar in the county from which he takes his title that he is set down in the local paper as—Gillyflower, Esq?' He must chronicle their smallest adventures. 'At a recent ball,' he will write, 'Sir John Plunger came a terrible crumpler with one of his most admired partners.' Or again, 'I regret to hear that Lord Bigside, while playing at football, struck his foot hard against a broken bottle, the result being a severe gash in the big toe.' Or in this wise: 'Lord Crutch was making a morning call when a large dog flew at him from the rear. Lord Crutch has since been unable to dine out.' Of mere commoners he must always speak with condescension. Here is one of his obituary notices: 'Very widespread and sincere will be the regrets for poor Johnny Tentpeg, of Aldershot camp-fitting renown. An officer whom I am proud to number among my friends writes to me, "A very worthy, honest, and kind-hearted tradesman has joined the great majority."' Is not 'tradesman' inimitable?

Another effective weapon is the conundrum. Incidents of real life, thinly disguised, are propounded as riddles. 'Mr. A., an Irish landlord, is asked to reduce his tenants' rent. If he does he must withdraw his son from the army and recall his daughter from London. What should he do?' Society with one voice replies, 'Refuse to reduce the rent.' Thus the editor is able to catch the drift of popular sentiment. He continues: 'Lady A., taken ill during a sea voyage, asks Mr. B. to lend her his private cabin. She has been rude to him during the season. What should he do?' Society cries out, 'Refuse her.' Thus the editor can form an estimate of aristocratic manners. He then states another case: 'A., in London, learns that his wife is flirting at St. Petersburg and that his presence alone can prevent her elopement. He also learns that the Russian railroad is undermined. What should he do?' Society exclaims, 'Telegraph that he is ill.'

We do not suppose that these arts can be learned in a day. A prudish writer might object that they are disgraceful. Disgraceful, *cher ami*? These paragraphs appear in the most fashionable London prints, prints in which the Duke of Bareacres advertises for a footman, and which help Lady Grimalkin to recover her lost poodle. The depths of social baseness which they stir are lower, perhaps, than we have yet been able to reach; but who knows what fauna an adventurous journalist may find in the mud, if they only explore their sewers scientifically.

MR. BANCROFT'S 'History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States of America' will probably be ready by May 1; at least the Messrs. Appleton hope to have it out by that time. It will be in two octavo volumes uniform with the author's 'History of the United States,' the first volume of which appeared in 1834, and the tenth, bringing the narrative to the close of the Revolution, in 1873. 'Although Mr. Bancroft is now eighty-two,' says *Appleton's Literary Bulletin*, 'he has no idea of laying down his pen, and confidently expects to bring his great work down to the close of the Mexican War.'

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SWEET Poesy, most shy and gentle maid,
 Hiding alone, far off, by English rills,
 How didst thou flee our wind-swept, sunny hills,
 Till he, pursuing long in bosky glade,
 His gentle spell on thy sweet wildness laid!
 Now, by our rivers, how thy wood-note thrills,
 How the far echo each deep valley fills,
 Since thy dear feet came hither unafraid!
 Mourn for him now—our eldest son of song—
 Eldest but one—and dearest in thy sight,
 That made the New World echo of thee long—
 Mourn with those thousand voices of the night
 That rose and fell along that rocky shore
 Whose solemn music he shall hear no more.

J. H. MORSE.

Death of Longfellow.

Camden, N. J., April 3, '82.—I have just returned from a couple of weeks down in some primitive woods where I love to go occasionally away from parlors, pavements and the newspapers and magazines—and where, of a clear forenoon, deep in the shade of pines and cedars and a tangle of old laurel-trees and vines, the news of Longfellow's death first reached me. For want of anything better, let me lightly twine a sprig of the sweet ground-ivy trailing so plentifully through the dead leaves at my feet, with reflections of that half hour alone, there in the silence, the mottled light, 'mid those earth-smells of the Jersey woods in spring, and lay it as my contribution on the dead bard's grave.

Longfellow in his voluminous works seems to me not only to be eminent in the style and forms of poetical expression that mark the present age (an idiocracy, almost a sickness, of verbal melody), but to bring what is always dearest as poetry to the general human heart and taste, and probably must be so in the nature of things. He is certainly the sort of bard and counteractant most needed for our materialistic, self-assertive, money-worshipping, Anglo-Saxon races, and especially for the present age in America—an age tyrannically regulated with reference to the manufacturer, the merchant, the financier, the politician and the day workman—for whom and among whom he comes as the poet of melody, courtesy, deference—poet of the mellow twilight of the past in Italy, Germany, Spain, and in Northern Europe—poet of all sympathetic gentleness—and universal poet of women and young people. I should have to think long if I were asked to name the man who has done more, and in more valuable directions, for America.

I doubt if there ever was before such a fine intuitive judge and selector of poems. His translations of many German and Scandinavian pieces are said to be better than the vernaculars. He does not urge or lash. His influence is like good drink or air. He is not tepid either, but always vital, with flavor, motion, grace. He strikes a splendid average, and does not sing exceptional passions, or humanity's jagged escapades. He is not revolutionary, brings nothing offensive or new, does not deal hard blows. On the contrary his songs soothe and heal, or if they excite, it is a healthy and agreeable excitement. His very anger is gentle, is at second hand, (as in 'the Quadroon Girl' and 'the Witnesses').

There is no undue element of pensiveness in Longfellow's strains. Even in the early translation, 'the Manrique,' the movement is as of strong and steady wind or tide holding up and buoying. Death is not avoided through his many themes, but there is something almost winning in his original verses and renderings on that dread subject—as, closing 'the Happiest Land' dispute,

And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, 'Ye may no more contend,
 There lies the happiest land.'

To the ungracious complaint-charge (as by Margaret Fuller many years ago, and several times since), of his want of racy nativity and special originality, I shall only say that America and the world may well be reverently thankful—can never be thankful enough—for any such singing-bird vouchsafed out of the centuries, without asking that the notes be different from those of other songsters;—adding what I have heard Longfellow himself say, that ere the New World can be worthily original and announce

herself and her own heroes, she must be well saturated with the originality of others, and respectfully consider the heroes that lived before Agamemnon.

Without jealousies, without mean passions, never did the personality, character, daily and yearly life of a poet, more steadily and truly assimilate his own loving, cultured, guileless, courteous ideal, and exemplify it. In the world's arena, he had some special sorrows—but he had prizes, triumphs, recognitions, the grandest.

Extensive and heartfelt as is to-day, and has been for a long while, the fame of Longfellow, it is probable, nay certain, that years hence it will be wider and deeper.

WALT WHITMAN.

Reminiscences of Longfellow. (First Paper.)

THOSE are sorrowful days in which a living friendship becomes a memory of the past. Such memories even are fleeting, and, unless put in some tangible form, will vanish from earth with the frail globe that holds them. The passage of time converts many of our most valued possessions into this form of remembrance:

'That such things were,
 Which were most precious to us.'

Our little world is still stunned by the surprise of Mr. Longfellow's death. This serene soul seemed to belong to the horizon of our country's thought, and the sudden removal of his living light grieves and astonishes. Admonished by this and kindred events of the uncertain duration of all that lives and breathes on earth, I search in my mind for what may be best worth recording in my friendly intercourse with him, which covered a space of forty-five years. It was in my father's house in New York, as long ago as this, that I first saw Mr. Longfellow. He was then known as the author of 'Outre Mer,' and had also, I think, published a volume of fugitive pieces and translations. My brother had made his acquaintance in Germany, and had led me to anticipate great pleasure in seeing him. Mr. Longfellow was, at that time, and long continued to be, remarkably youthful in his appearance. I remember well his clear, fresh complexion, and the bright chestnut of his hair. I was already deeply interested in the study of German literature, and our talk, as I remember it, was of favorite books and authors. I was at this time little more than a school girl, just released from daily drill, and pursuing special studies under the guidance of the accomplished Dr. Cogswell, best known in New York as the first curator of the Astor Library. In the years that followed Mr. Longfellow became a familiar visitor at my father's house. For my brother, Mr. Samuel Ward, he always entertained great personal regard. Partly in consequence of this, perhaps, he became to all of us friendly and brotherly.

His visits to New York in those days were the infrequent outings of a laborious life. His professorship at Harvard College necessarily gave him much occupation, and still left him leisure for the wide range of study whose results appear in his numerous and varied writings. His reading at this time was mostly in the direction of poetry, romance, and folk lore. He once told me that he disliked the study of history; and I am quite sure that the abstract sciences of mathematics and metaphysics had little attraction for him. He had little sympathy with the transcendental movement in New England, and kept always to his own plane, which we may call that of æsthetic culture, in the best acceptance of the word. I will mention in this connection that he told me one day of a very disparaging criticism of his works which had just appeared, and of which Miss Margaret Fuller was the author. I asked him what she had said, and he replied that he had not read the article, and that he usually thought it best not to read what would be likely to cause him useless irritation.

In those days I remember that poems of my own were from time to time shown him, and that his commendation and criticism, both of which were careful and discriminating, were much valued by me. On one occasion he came to New York under an engagement to deliver three lectures on the great work of Dante. In one of these he desired to introduce the episode of Count Ugolino, which he had not found time to translate. At his request I undertook the translation at very short notice, a labor for which I was amply repaid by his approbation. Mr. Longfellow's income at this time was that of a Harvard professor, which was even more slender forty years ago than now. In his visits to New York he encountered many temptations to expenditure in the shape of valuable books and engravings. We were often called upon to sympathise with his delight in some new purchase, which he always

determined should be his last extravagance. It was through him that we (my sisters and I) first made the acquaintance of Charles Sumner, whose somewhat gaunt figure and precise manner made him less congenial to our youth than his friend.

I was early struck with that peculiarity of Mr. Longfellow's mind through which all sensible objects were made to represent to him some matter of sentiment, or imagination. I spoke of this once to George Hillard, who replied: 'That is the quality of his mind, to which things seen have always their unseen correspondence. It reminds me of those lines of Wordsworth's in which he says that the swan upon the placid lake:

"Floats double, swan and shadow."

In speaking of this period, I must say that Margaret Fuller's opinion of Mr. Longfellow's poetical merits was, to a certain extent, shared by other critics, while in the public at large a growing enthusiasm gave evidence of his real excellence. A word may here be allowed concerning what is no longer a matter of dispute, the justice of Mr. Longfellow's reputation. The works on which it rested were in a vein quite new to the English-reading public. Students of German literature felt that he owed much of his success to kindred studies, and sometimes accused him of a want of originality. I do not think that the years which have passed since that time have confirmed this verdict. The spirit of the great German poets cannot fail to affect the style and even the thoughts of those who understand and appreciate them. But this spirit is one of power and of freedom. Mr. Longfellow's familiarity with the languages and literature of modern Europe certainly multiplied his poetical resources, and enlarged at once his imagination and his style. However the *pros* and *cons* of his alleged Germanism may have for a time divided society, we soon had from him individual utterances, strong and deep, which made it sure that he had a message of his own to utter, and that the echoes of the human heart would repeat and multiply his music.

Of this new music, so brave, clear, and human, 'The Psalm of Life,' was the first strophe. It gave a new keynote to the poet himself, as well as to his hearers; for from this time forth he seems to march on to broader and more important tasks, weaving into faultless verse the legends of his own and other countries, and giving the world, from time to time, glimpses, heroic and beautiful, of a poet's interpretation of the personal experience of life.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE late Mr. Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, and died March 24, 1882. We have been shown a copy of Mr. Marshall's engraved portrait of the poet, which is published by Mr. George Barrie, of Philadelphia. It is the best thing Mr. Marshall has done. It does not represent the poet as he looked during the last ten years of his life, but at a period immediately preceding—when he was in the enjoyment of stronger health, higher spirits, and greater mental activity. The face, however, is hardly rugged enough to realize our conception of Longfellow's appearance in old age. The edition of this engraving is limited to 1000 artist's proofs, which were signed by the poet shortly before his death. Among the more notable newspaper articles called forth by the death of Mr. Longfellow was one that appeared in the *Springfield Republican* of March 25. Though we may not agree with the writer in his estimate of the poet's genius, we recognize the ability shown in his treatment of the subject. We learn from this article, by the way, that the grandfather of Longfellow's grandfather was a village blacksmith. The *American Hebrew* of Friday, March 31 (Nissan 11, 5642), prints a Longfellow supplement containing Judaic selections from the poet's works. Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. announce a biography of the poet by Mr. F. H. Underwood, whose life of Lowell has just appeared.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S 'Irish Essays' are announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Parke Godwin's biography of the late Mr. W. C. Bryant, is ready for the printers.

Lady Jackson's 'The Old Régime' will be published in this country by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

On the 22d of this month, Messrs. Henry A. Sumner & Co., of Chicago, will issue 'Off the Rocks,' a novel (Hammock Series) by Toler King; and on May 20th, 'A Sane Lunatic,' by Clara Louise Burnham, author of 'No Gentlemen,' in the same series.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have arranged with the Oxford University for a cheap edition of Prof. Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary' for the American market. It will be somewhat smaller than the English book, but it will be an exact reprint, unabridged.

A sixpenny edition of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's inimitable 'Bab Ballads' is to be issued by Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish 'Charles Lowder, a Biography,' by the author of 'The Life of St. Teresa'; and 'Week-Day Living,' by Samuel Pearson.

The forthcoming issue of the 'American Newspaper Directory' of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. contains the names of 11,611 periodicals, 'a gain,' as the publishers kindly put it, of 344 since the last issue.

Mr. R. Worthington announces a new and revised edition of 'Chambers' Etymological Dictionary,' edited by Prof. Findlater, and 'The Use of Sunshine: A tale of Northern Irish Life,' by Marella Bute Smedley.

Mr. Alfred Barbou's 'Victor Hugo and His Times,' a translation of which will be published by the Messrs. Harper, is illustrated by over one hundred drawings, including a number from the pencil of M. Hugo himself.

In the March number of the *Antiquary*, Mr. Robert Ferguson has an interesting paper on the names of women. He proves to the satisfaction of the antiquarian that Alice and Maud are properly men's names, and that Janet is not from Jane or any female form of John.

The May number of *Wide Awake* will be an unusually attractive one. It will contain a poem on Longfellow by Mr. Whittier, with a frontispiece portrait of the former, engraved by Closson; and Canon Kingsley's ballad, 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,' set to music by Prof. Payne, of Harvard University.

The authorized edition of the works of the late President Garfield will be published (probably in November next) by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. It will be edited by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, the General's life-long friend, and will comprise two octavo volumes, adorned with new portraits of Mr. Garfield.

Lafayette Place is rapidly becoming a publishing centre. Already Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, the *Churchman*, the *North American Review* and THE CRITIC are located there. The *Christian Union* has just leased one of the large old-fashioned brick houses a few doors below THE CRITIC office; and Messrs. William Wood & Co., publishers of medical books, have taken possession of a handsome double house, near the corner of Astor Place, until recently occupied by a branch of the Astor family. The Astor Library is in Lafayette Place and the Mercantile is opposite the upper end of the street.

The Zuni Indians, under the charge of Mr. Cushing, spent a large part of last Monday in New York City, on their way to Washington. They went first to Sarony's, where a number of photographic groups were taken. Then they lunched at the *Century* rooms, and passed several hours in the building, dancing for awhile and singing a number of their hymns, and then visiting Mr. La Farge's studio of glass-work on the top floor of the building, from which they ascended to the roof. The *Century* will publish an account of their visit to the East and religious ceremonies at the sea-side; and a full narrative, by Mr. Cushing, of the years he has passed as a member of the tribe. The photographs taken by Mr. Sarony will be used in illustrating these articles.

We clip the following from *Puck*:

'E. S. Nadal now has spoken
Of the perils which environ
The poetic work of Byron.
E. S. Nadal's also spoken
In a patronizing way
Of the works of Thackeray.
E. S. Nadal's likewise spoken,
Telling us how very tart
Are the writings of Bret Harte.
E. S. Nadal thus has spoken—
Tell us, tell us, tell us, pray,
Who is Nadal, anyway?'

Certainly—with pleasure: Mr. E. S. Nadal is a graduate of Yale College; an ex-member of the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*; an acute and graceful essayist; and the author of a very interesting work, entitled 'Some Aspects of London Social Life.' For the past few years he has held the post of Assistant Secretary of the Legation of the United States of America to Great Britain. We shall be happy to keep our esteemed contemporary informed as to his future literary work and diplomatic services.

In the preface to the American edition of his biography of Carlyle, the first part of which, covering the first forty years of Carlyle's life, has been very well received in England, Mr. Froude makes the following extract from Carlyle's diary, bearing date, 8 Feb., 1839:

'Yesterday came a letter from Emerson at Concord, New England, enclosing me a draft for £200, the produce of my French Revolution there! Already £50 had come; this is £250 in all; not a farthing having yet been realized here by our English biologists. It is very strange, this American occurrence, very gratifying; nothing more so has occurred in the history of my economics. Thanks to the kind friends across the salt waters yonder. This American cash is so welcome because I am so poor. Had I been rich I could not have had that true pleasure. Sic de multis; I must own it, bitterly as I often grumble over my poverty. On the whole I shall

rejoice to have been poor if in my old days I be not still persecuted and dogged by the spectre of absolute poverty.'

'The swift recognition which Carlyle obtained from America,' says Mr. Froude, 'perhaps alone enabled him to go on with his work at the most critical period of his career. The Messrs. Scribner are the authorized American publishers of this book.'

Acknowledgments.

THE last numbers of the *Bibliographer* (J. W. Bouton) are as full as usual of papers interesting to the bookworm. Mr. Conway's series of articles on 'The Woodcutters of the Netherlands' is the most important.—Shakspeare's comedies, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Love's Labor's Lost,' Prof. Rolfe's excellent series (Harper & Bros).—James R. Osgood & Co. have printed in a neat little volume ex-Secretary Blaine's 'Eulogy' of the late President Garfield.—From Phillips & Hunt: Volume III. of the Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature; and Nos. 32, 33, 34, 35, of the Chautauqua Text Books. These are admirable little pamphlets, prepared by specialists for the use of members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and sold at ten cents each. From the same publishers we have received the 'Methodist Year Book' for 1882.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co's Catalogue for 1882, in a very pretty gray cover, gives one a good idea of the class of work turned out by the Riverside Press. The pamphlet is worth preserving for its likenesses of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Stedman, James, and other authors whose works are on the list of this firm.—A memoir of the late Rear Admiral Henry Knox Thatcher, U. S. N., reprinted from the *New England Historical & Genealogical Register* for January, 1882, with steel-engraving from a photograph (Boston: Printed for private distribution).—The Books of Chilan Balam, the prophetic and historic records of the Mayas of Yucatan, by Daniel G. Brinton, M. D.—an address delivered before the Numismatic & Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia in January last, and now reprinted from the March number of the *Penn. Monthly*. (Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.)—Trübner's Catalogue of dictionaries and grammars of the principal languages and dialects of the world, containing the titles of nearly 3000 readily accessible works. Second edition, considerably enlarged, and revised by Mr. Hiersemann (London: Trübner & Co.)—From Messrs. L. Prang & Co. come a number of samples of their new Easter cards. That they are much better than the ordinary cards printed for festival occasions may be inferred from the names of the artists who have made the designs—Mr. Thomas Moran, Miss Rosina Emmet, Miss Fidelia Bridges, and others. Mr. Moran's card is in his most Turneresque style. But for the white wings that sprout from the sides of the sun, and the inscription on the wall of the dock, it might be one of Turner's approaches to Venice. The printing is in the best manner of the lithographer. The flower printing is particularly happy.—Messrs. John Wiley & Sons have begun the publication of a cheap edition of Ruskin's works. 'Modern Painters,' in five volumes, inaugurates the series. The books are well made and contain all the wood engravings but none of the plates of the more expensive editions. They are sold at the low price of one dollar each. A course of Ruskin is wholesome reading for the art student or the amateur.—The Messrs. Putnam have published a convenient duodecimo entitled 'First Aid to the Injured,' written by Peter Shepherd, M. D., of the British army, and edited by Bowditch Morton, M. D., of New York, who has adapted it for American readers. The little volume contains just such important information as we need every day in emergencies, and should be read by everyone. Practical directions are given for the cure of persons injured or poisoned, for the disinfection of apartments, and for the resuscitation of the drowned.—Dr. Beard sends us a paper entitled 'The Case of Guiteau,' which is a reprint from the *Journal of Mental and Nervous Disease*. The author supports the theory of the insanity of the assassin. His essay is full of psychological surprises, and is decidedly original; but it betrays a want of practical familiarity with mental disease.

Science

"Familiar Science Studies." *

In his 'Familiar Science Studies,' Mr. Proctor has brought together a number of miscellaneous articles contributed within the past several years to different periodicals—*Belgravia*, *The Cornhill*, *The Contemporary Review*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Century*, and the *London Times*. These relate to a variety of subjects, from religion to gambling and from the heavens to the earth. Among the most noteworthy are two on the pyramids of Egypt, one on 'Sun-spots and Financial Crises,' and one on the paces of a galloping horse. As to the pyramids, Mr. Proctor considers some of the

remarkable hypotheses that have been propounded as to the intentions of their builders, and himself expresses the belief that they were designed for astrological purposes. Discussing the objections to this view he asserts 'with considerable confidence, that no other theory has yet been suggested (and almost every imaginable theory has been advocated) which gives the slightest answer to the chief difficulties in the pyramid problem.' We can merely add that Mr. Proctor has as good a right to his opinion as most of the other pyramidologists, and shall not interfere with his right of choice to such hypothesis as he may prefer. Less dubious are his views on the connection of sun-spots with financial crises. He very properly (in our opinion) repudiates the relations which have been claimed to exist between the two, and justly protests against 'the sun-spot mania' which is too prevalent. Three essays 'About lotteries,' 'Betting on races,' and 'A gambling superstition,' it is to be hoped, may be of service to gamblers or would-be gamblers in dispelling their faith in chance and certain combinations. 'Photographs of a galloping horse' (the last article in the volume) is the title of a readable chapter on instantaneous photographs of the positions assumed by a horse in one complete stride. Twelve small woodcuts in black represent the photographs, and to those to whom Leland Stanford's splendid work is not accessible, they will be of use, and serve to dissipate erroneous ideas prevalent as to the paces of the horse. While we can by no means concur in every statement made by our author, we can commend the essays for the information conveyed as well as the pleasant style in which it is retailed. Its bibliographical value would have been enhanced if the exact place of original publication and date of each article had been added.

Scientific Notes.

THE temperature of greatest density of water, according to Volkmann, is manifested at $+3.94^{\circ}$ C.

Prof. Sir Wyville Thompson died, on March 10, from the effects of paralysis. Sir Wyville was best known in connection with the explorations of the 'Challenger.'

The first Californian eel ever caught was taken, in February, in the Bay of San Francisco. It was three feet long, and is supposed to have been of the plant of 12,000 introduced by the Californian Fish Commission.

Living protoplasm has the chemical characteristics of an aldehyde, according to Loen and Bokorny. It possesses the property of being able to reduce very dilute solutions of silver, and is thus contradistinguished from dead protoplasm.

Another addition is made to the numerous asteroids by the discovery by Palisa, at Berlin, on March 10, of one of the thirteenth magnitude, in 11 hrs. 10 min. right ascension $8^{\circ} 18'$ north declination with a daily motion of four seconds.

A new rheometer for measuring currents at different depths has been devised by Scardona. It acts by pulses generated at intervals, according to the speed of the current, in a tube, and affecting a bell. It is claimed to surpass Amster's rheometer in simplicity as well as in its indications or signalling.

Mr. Benthall has recently communicated to the Linnæan Society, of London, an important memoir on the order of grasses or graminææ. He subdivides the order primarily into two suborders—panicææ, with 6 tribes, and poacææ, with 8 tribes. The maize, or indian corn, and rice are types of two tribes in the first sub-order; and the oats, barley, and bamboos, represent three orders in the second sub-order.

An elaborate monograph 'on the structure and development of Lepidosteus'—the common gar-pike or long-gar of the American lakes and rivers—has been communicated by Messrs. Balfour and W. N. Parker to the Royal Society of London. The authors successively describe the general development, brain, organs of special sense, suctorial disk, muscular system, vertebral column and ribs, urogenital organs, and alimentary canal and its appendages.

At about 4 A.M., Saturday, March 18, a new comet was discovered, in the constellation Hercules, by Mr. Chas. S. Wells, of the Dudley Observatory. From the general observations made on that and the three succeeding days, it has been computed that it is now about 185,000,000 miles from the sun, and that it will reach its perihelion about the middle of June, and will then be about 10,000,000 miles from the sun. It will then be visible only in the southern hemisphere, though afterwards in the northern.

Analyses of worm-casts have been communicated to the Royal Horticultural Society, by Dr. Gilbert, with reference to the amount of nitrogen involved. He found that the dried mould contained 35 per cent. of nitrogen, which was considerably more than was present in the mould of pasture land and two or three times more than in that of ordinary arable land. It was less rich, however, than highly manured kitchen-garden mould. On the whole, the soil only gained from what the worms brought up from below, as by trenching,

* Familiar Science Studies. By Richard A. Proctor. \$2.25. New York: R. Worthington.

The waters of Lake Maggiore and the spring of Valcuvia have been recently examined by Prof. Maggi, and by various coloring and hardening re-agents a number of forms not otherwise visible have been revealed under the microscope. These have been collectively designated as Aphaneri (not evident) and contrasted with the Phaneri (evident), which term designates the bacteria and other minute organisms visible under the microscope without re-agents. The Aphaneri are thought to be harmless. It is proposed to supply the city of Milan with water from the lake.

A number of special terms have been introduced in electrical science, and the following have been recommended as units by the Electrical Congress of 1881: (1) The fundamental units are the centimetre (C), the gram (G), and the second (S). (2) The volt and the ohm have the value of 10^8 and 10^9 . (3) The resistance of one ohm will be represented by a column of quicksilver of 1 millimetre square, in section, at 0°C. (4) New experiments are recommended in order that it may be determined what length a mercury column of 1 millimetre square section shall have to represent the ohm. (5) An ampère is the current through one ohm with the tension of one volt. (6) A coulomb is the quantity of electricity given by one ampère in one second. (7) A farad is that capacity by which one coulomb in one farad gives a volt. As will be seen, several of the units have been named after celebrated students of electricity—Ampère, Coulomb and Faraday.

SOCIETIES.

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Monday, April 3, Dr. George M. Beard lectured on 'The Psychological Explanation of the Salem Witchcraft Excitement,' illustrating his remarks by experiments on two boys, whose minds, he claimed, were diseased. When he passed his hand over the face of the older one, the lad fell down in convulsions. The younger boy, however, remained standing, insisting that a hog and a bird were near him on the stage. The two lads slept soundly during a discussion that followed these experiments.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, April 4. James W. Johnston, Frederick W. Hunter, Gilbert S. Coddington, George W. McLanahan, Robert H. Derby, M.D., Charles S. Fairchild, Frank S. Williams, and James G. Dimond were elected Resident Members. Resolutions were adopted, containing an appropriate expression of regret of the Society at the death of its distinguished Associate, Henry W. Longfellow. Mr. Wm. Allen Butler, in submitting the resolutions in behalf of the Executive Committee, spoke at some length of the character and genius of the departed poet.—Henry T. Van Schaack, of Manlius, N. Y., read the paper of the evening, on 'The Literary Ubiquity of Shakspeare; and Shakspeare in the Wilds of America,' basing his treatment of the subject upon incidents in the life of Captain Thomas Morris, an English officer, to whom, in August, 1764, in the wilds of America, near the site of the present city of Toledo, O., an Indian chief presented a volume of Shakspeare's plays, which was subsequently instrumental in saving his life, while in captivity among hostile Indians. The resolution of thanks to the speaker was eloquently seconded by the Rev. Dr. Bevan, who, in the course of his remarks, presented an English estimate of Longfellow's works.

AMERICAN FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—Annual meeting, April 3, Vice-President George S. Page in the chair. Mr. H. D. McGovern, of Brooklyn, read a paper on the habits of the carp. The carp, he said, is useful in trout-ponds, where it eats the food not eaten by the trout, and which would otherwise soil the water. It should not, however, be put with goldfish, unless the goldfish are designed to be eaten by it. In a paper on the salmon, Mr. Frederick Mather declared that embryo of salmon with diseased sacs could be developed into good healthy fry by changing them to a new trough, and supplying them with pure air and water. The diseased part of the sac would then drop off. Colonel M. McDonald, Commissioner for Virginia, said that shad eggs could not be retarded in their development beyond seven or eight days by reduction of temperature, and consequently could not be shipped to Europe. A vessel which would not be disturbed by the rolling of the ship had been invented for the purpose of hatching them, *en route*, and all that was now necessary was some means of maintaining a supply of fresh water. Mr. James Annin, jr., in a paper on the rainbow trout, said that this fish, put in a trout brook, would usurp the place of the native trout. It is a hardy and gamey fish, but soon becomes soft, and is, therefore, not a good fish for the market.—The following were among the new members elected: Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute; H. B. Mansfield, U. S. N.; H. B. Schuyler, of Troy; Erastus Corning, of Albany; Benjamin Wood, John T. Agnew, Charles Banks, W. L. Gilbert, of Plymouth, Mass., and C. W. Smiley, of the Smithsonian Institution. The election of officers had the following result: George S. Page, President; James Benckhard, Vice-President; Eugene G. Blackford, Treasurer; Barnet Phillips, Corresponding Secretary; and James Annin, jr., Recording Secretary.

—At a second session of the Association, held on Tuesday, a paper was read by Prof. Smiley on 'The Decrease of Fish in the Great Lakes'; one by Mr. Seth Green, on 'The Propagation of Sturgeon and Striped Bass'; a letter was received from a Mr. Johnson, of Boston, protesting against the sale of undersized lobsters; Prof. John A. Ryder, of the Smithsonian, read an essay on 'The Breeding Food, and the Cause of the Green Color of the Oyster'; Col. McDonald spoke on the migratory habits of the shad; and Samuel Wilmot, Superintendent of Fisheries for the Province of Canada, read a paper on the extraordinary 'Decrease in Salmon in Canadian Waters.'

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.—Work was resumed by the Expedition at Assos about March 1, after an intermission of four months, rendered necessary by the inclemency of the winter in the Troad. Messrs. Clarke, Bacon, and Diller, will have the advantage during the coming season of the assistance of Mr. Robert Koldewey, a young Danish architect of distinction, who is also a trained archaeologist. The work at Assos will be prosecuted actively just as long as the funds of the Institute permit. The Executive Committee estimate that at least \$2500 more than is now available will be required to complete the work of the Expedition. It would be a matter for deep regret, especially after all that has been accomplished, if America should lose the credit which she will gain by carrying out this work in a thorough and scholarly manner. Austria, at least, if no other country, is, to our knowledge, waiting to step into our shoes and reap the benefit of much of what has been done, in case the Institute is compelled, by lack of funds, to leave the work unfinished. The Expedition already has restored to life, so to speak, the archaic Doric temple of Assos—a contribution to our knowledge of Greek architecture of which the value will be recognized by all. It has found also a number of pieces of ancient sculpture of high importance to the history of the development of Hellenic art, a valuable and perhaps unique Greek standard of liquid measure, many inscriptions, and numerous other relics of antiquity. It remains to explore the extensive ruins of the civic and military buildings of the city, the plan of the city itself, and the numerous tombs in its neighborhood, all of which cannot fail to add largely to our knowledge of comparatively little known branches of archaeology. The ruins of Assos which give, according to Colonel Leake, perhaps the most perfect idea of a Greek city anywhere to be found, are used as a quarry by the Turks in the construction of their improvements in Constantinople; and much that is valuable in them will be lost irretrievably, if the study of them is delayed. The Archaeological Institute appeals therefore to the public to aid in the prosecution of a work which is not only of high scientific value, but honorable to America in a field wherein she has hitherto been far behind European nations. Subscriptions can be sent to the President of the Institute, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard. The publication of Mr. Clarke's illustrated report upon the work of the first season at Assos has been delayed in order not to divert for this purpose funds necessary for the prosecution of the explorations. Through the generous action of two societies not connected with the Institute, this report will now be issued at once.

The Fine Arts

National Academy. Fifty-seventh Exhibition.

In spite of two large landscapes by George Inness, two paintings by Vedder, and a historical marine by Dana, the National Academy remains what it has been for many years past—a body that relies for its attractive power on anything rather than the work of its Academicians and Associates. This year William Bradford reappears from the Arctic Circle with fresh spoils in the way of icebergs floating in dresses of gorgeous colors on the same hard seas that we knew of old. And the usual portraits by Huntington, Le Clear and B. C. Porter are placed in fine positions for an admiring world to view. Mr. J. G. Brown turns out another half-dozen of his boot-black brigade, smiling on the same plan, and as elegantly ragged as ever. Mr. Launt Thompson offers a surprise. He shows a bust of Prof. Morse that betrays some originality in its treatment of the hair and beard. Then there are Tait and Cropsey, with their cast-iron brushes; Wordsworth Thompson, Whittredge, Edward, and Peter Moran, Wyant, Hicks, Brandt, and De Haas. But one must hunt for them. Where, one asks oneself, are the men who give the Academy, in the eyes of the rising generation of the profession, that remnant of respect for ability which sticks to it still? Does Mr. J. Q. A. Ward ever exhibit the work he is turning out in profusion from his marble-yard? And where is his master, H. K. Brown? Since when has John La Farge shown a picture? Where is the work of Asher Durand, Gignoux, Winslow Homer, Homer Martin, Nehlig, Magrath, George Fuller? Even the popular favorites who impressed the public by the size of their landscapes keep out of the Academy exhibitions now. Mr. Bierstadt shows nothing; F. E. Church is not represented. We

find nothing from Darley or Boughton or Cranch. The exhibition is, however, fuller than ever before and many accepted pictures had to be returned. The Academy is therefore now a guild, which has reached so wide a reputation that its annual market is overstocked with outside work. It transacts a quiet business in the selling of pictures not belonging to its own members and finds profit therein. One goes there not to see the work of Academicians and Associates, but pictures by almost anybody else. With some exceptions. The stagnation of the Academy, and its government by poor artists, have given it so evil a reputation for the mercy dealt to pieces of actual merit, that good outside work is excluded for two reasons; one the ignorance and narrowness of committees, the other the natural unwillingness of artists to be snubbed year after year by inferior painters. Hence the best pictures either never reach the committee or are declined without thanks.

There need be no surprise, therefore, that the exhibition is big and in the main bad; for if the strongest painters of the corporation send nothing and the weak men who rule it bar out the good matter that comes from other sources, there can be but one result. One of the best pieces of painting for breadth in execution and truth to character is a large figure of a Hollandish milkmaid by Mr. J. Alden Weir. It is unhappily placed in a dark corner of the corridor. Like many of Mr. Weir's figures, the face is the least attractive part, being so true to nature that little is left for beauty of contour or expression. It is splendid vitality of the brushwork rather than intrinsic value of subject that is so pleasing in the large picture. Mr. Weir is one of the few painters who can paint a big picture bigly. His portrait of the painter Maynard easily ranks first among all the portraits here, owing to its breadth of handling, its simplicity, sincerity, and pure characterization of the sitter. Mr. Weir is not a deep or very thoughtful artist as yet; but he has attained a manual skill that is without a trace of smallness or meanness, of over-subtlety or hesitation. From Philadelphia appear two pictures by H. R. Poore. 'A March Hillside' is very charmingly painted and ably too. The snow lying in pockets contrasts with the dead and springing grass; the lambs are delightfully painted. 'Burro Train leaving the Pueblo of Taos' is less happy. A distinct triumph is secured by Miss Emma van Arsdale with several small flower-pieces; they show boldness and delicacy combined. Her yellow roses in a glass in the north room hang near 'Maréchal Niel Roses' by the Academician T. Addison Richards, as if to show how the thing ought to be done and to use the Academician as an example of how it ought not. Charters Williamson gives a distinct note of ability on a first appearance; for, barring 'An Ideal Head' in the north room, the lady's portrait in the corridor and the portrait in the south gallery (263) are marked with fine technical quality and perhaps with real ability. Mr. John W. Alexander exposes for the first time portraits of Thurlow Weed and little Miss May Harper. He begins with great ambition and, although less clever to start with than the novice just mentioned, is likely to go further. Nothing is more demoralizing to a painter than too great definiteness at the start. Mr. J. M. Alexander has strong faults to overcome, such as hardness in modeling and defective adjustment of flesh and cloth textures, but his work indicates an ability to get the better of them.

It must be confessed that a European schooling is a good thing. But what is to be said to young men who go on year after year grinding out hackneyed Salon subjects like those of Messrs. Clement Swift, Birge, L. B. and Alexander Harrison, and Henry Mosler? It may be said that at any rate they are fresher here, where Brittany exists only in its ancient Canadian phase, than in Paris, where every other young dabbler is painting Brittany. They sound like the essays and orations delivered at college to an admiring audience composed of professors and intimate friends—and have just about as much reference to the realities of life. It is certainly unfair to object to the crude work of old established artists for the purpose of applauding such hack atelier pictures as these. Both ought to be rejected by a public which is, perhaps, at last reaching a measure of discrimination. Mr. F. D. Millet's 'Koran Reader' is not much better. It belongs with Mr. Bridgman's 'Interior of Biskra House, Algiers,' and has bad arrangement of colors in yellow tunic and red fez. Mr. Fred. T. Vance has found in landscape a chance for a forward spring in art that may signalize a brilliant future. 'Near Geneseo, N. Y.' (north gallery), and 'Clearing Off' (east room), and especially 'September' (west room), have much more in them than mere talent. Mr. Bunce has some remarkable pictures for tone, dealing with fruit, and some landscapes with his usual broad streak of erratic genius. The landscapes of Mr. George Inness this year are very disappointing. One is hard, and finished up too smoothly. The other is raw and out of tone. 'The Library,' by V. G. Stiepevich, has a fine character; it is the first piece by this artist which shows real talent. Mr. Blakelock and Miss Rosina Emmet offer work aside from the customary run of mediocrity, and small landscapes by P. E. Rudell reveal a new novice hand which contains unusual promise. Mr. Pyne has a sunset, in the library (that place for outcasts), which deserves well of the line in the south room. Mr. John H. Niemeyer has in

the same place 'Sancta Simplicitas'—a large decorative panel, with figure of an æsthetic young girl in a broad hat—humorous and not badly done. His landscape in the south gallery is one of the best, if not actually the very best, in the whole exhibition. 'Is Life Worth Living,' by Alfred Kappes, in the corridor, is a piece of rather cruel realism which if hung very high in the large gallery would be one of the attractions, but a Committee ignorant, or worse, has mercifully killed it. Mr. Gilbert Gaul shows a charge of United States troops up an incline to a battery. He has wisely chosen moonlight, or rather calcium light, for the illumination; for by so doing he can account for the hardness of the outlines and the rude *chiaroscuro*. In composition the picture is excellent, as it is in spirit and in the action and drawing. The backs of the running men are handsomely painted. The column stretches up into a vortex of darkness and smoke lit by explosions of big guns. With a little more knowledge of tones, Mr. Gaul would have made this the sensation picture of the show. Even as it is, the merits outweigh the defects.

Academy exhibitions here as elsewhere are not cheery subjects of thought. There is too much chaff to the wheat. The 57th is no exception to the rule. One must go far and see much bad art before a picture, or a part of a picture, is reached that invites one to a seat before it.

Art Notes.

THE Catalogue of the Paris Salon of 1882 is announced by Mr. J. W. Bouton as nearly ready.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. announce an edition of Mr. P. G. Hamerton's 'The Graphic Arts,' which is published in London by Messrs. Seeley & Co., and in New York by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The Boston edition will have a special preface written by the author for American readers.

An extremely interesting art-work, of which M. Quantin has printed only 550 copies, is an album containing fifty fine engravings, illustrating the historic procession that formed a part of the Viennese festivities in honor of the silver wedding of the Emperor Francis I. Hans Makart, it will be remembered, had the direction of that remarkable pageant, which is reproduced in these engravings in a manner worthy of much praise. The Austrian edition of the album, published at a cost of \$120 per copy, is completely exhausted. The price of the limited French edition, of which Mr. Bouton has imported a few copies, is \$30. The original sketches for the Viennese cortege, together with other of Makart's works, including the huge painting of Charles V. entering the city of Antwerp, were exhibited in London a couple of years ago.

The Drama

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S new drama, 'The White Slave,' was produced for the first time, on Monday night, at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. It is not a bad play; for three acts, indeed, it is a very good play. Three times over the dramatist brings down the house with great accuracy of aim. Handling a single idea, he pushes it forward as surely and skilfully as though he were working, not empirically, but according to the fixed rules of his craft. Some of his language is a little absurd, perhaps. Dying men, even in Kentucky, scarcely speak of themselves as lying 'on the rim of the world,' or as receiving spiritual messengers from 'the crystal gates of God.' But this sort of speech is inseparable from Mr. Campbell's manner. His chief fault is not extravagance of diction, but poverty of idea. If he had sustained the tone of his first three acts, he might have produced a masterly play. But he thought of 'The World' and its spectacular effects; he abandoned his primitive conception to lug in steamboat explosions and castaways at sea, and found, as a result, that the boisterous applause which greeted the opening of the piece had dwindled to a calm long before the end of it.

'The White Slave' is immediately, by all that see it, classified with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'The Octoroon.' 'Uncle Tom' still lingers on the stage; 'The Octoroon' is gone. Mr. Campbell had it almost within his grasp to write a better play than either. Mrs. Stowe's work, being concerned with the sorrows of elderly people, can never attain high theatrical rank; Mr. Boucicault's drama runs into so many by-ways that the main thread of interest is almost lost. 'The Octoroon' has a heroine only in name. What the spectator recalls is the broken camera, the photographic witness, the slave-auction, the burning steamer, the court of Judge Lynch, the humor of Salem Scudder, the vengeance of Wahnotee; and when Zoe, the octoroon, comes in at the end to die, her demise is a matter of small moment to the audience. This method, which was once in favor, has been discarded. To-day, in their emotional pieces, the playwrights are content to analyze a single character; in their melodramas one hero and one heroine carry the whole fabric on their shoulders. That there are advantages in this system Mr. Campbell proves in 'The White Slave.' The audience follows his Lisa, for a time, with quite undivided attention.

She lives on 'Big Ben,' a Kentucky plantation. Judge Hardin, its owner, is dying. Around him is gathered a household of not unfamiliar stage personages. There is Mrs. Lee, the housekeeper, and Miss Lettie Lee, her daughter. There is Mr. Stieb, a lawyer, wooing Mrs. Lee, and Mr. Hazelton, a doctor, wooing Miss Lee. There is Job, a negro preacher and butler, with Clem and Aunt Martha, married darkies of the old pattern. There is Clay Britton, the adopted son of the Judge, and William Lacy, a slave-dealer, who has led Clay Britton into evil ways. There is Lisa, the heroine, and Nance, a quadroon, her reputed mother. To Nance, being brought on the stage to die, Judge Hardin confesses the secret of his life. His daughter, who has now departed for the crystal gates aforesaid, had been, during her lifetime, seduced by a wicked marquis. Of this seduction Lisa was the fruit. To hide his daughter's shame the Judge had given out that Lisa, his granddaughter, was the offspring of Nance, his slave. One would have supposed that Nance would, at least, have known this to be false. But, for the purposes of the play, she has to wait till the Judge confesses, and he then makes her swear that she will never reveal the secret. Having thus set his affairs in order, he calls in the family, makes the negroes sing a plaintive hymn on the veranda, and expires in the midst of a picturesque and effective group.

Clay Britton has now come into his property. He is supposed to be a fine fellow: wild, but generous. Lisa loves him, and he has a sneaking fondness for Lisa. Gambling has ruined him, and William Lacy, the slave-dealer, offers to buy his slaves. He is base enough to accept the offer, signs a bill of sale, and Lacy, in his purchase, claims Lisa. Lisa and Nance had been freed by the dying Judge. 'True,' says Lacy, 'but when their freedom was signed, Clay Britton had given me a mortgage on the place. They are still slaves.' Nance is tempted to reveal the secret, but remembers her oath, and, in her agitation, lets fall a paper which Mr. Stieb, the lawyer, pockets. Bancroft, the overseer of Lacy, comes forward to claim Lisa, and Clay Britton forthwith knocks him down. The marrow of this situation is stolen unblushingly from 'The Octoroon.' 'At the time the Judge executed these free papers,' says Colonel Pointdexter, in Mr. Boucicault's play, 'a judgment stood recorded against him. That judgment still exists. Those free papers ain't worth the sand that's on them.' At the same time, Mr. Campbell has improved the original by making it end the act and capping it with the knock-down blow of Clay Britton.

Lisa and the rest of the slaves are carried away to the banks of the Mississippi. Daphne, an octoroon, the mistress of William Lacy, clad in scarlet and fine linen, gets jealous of Lisa, and of Lacy's affection for her. Lacy's affection is not of the purest. He proposes to add Lisa to his seraglio. She declines the honor, utters some excellent sentiments about womanhood, rousing the gallery thereby to enthusiasm, and is ordered henceforth to hoe in the fields, and submit to the lash of the estimable Mr. Bancroft. She makes up her mind to drown herself, and is starting for the river, which flows placidly in the back-ground, when Clay Britton arrives, his sneaking fondness of the earlier scenes having turned to ardent love, and offers Lisa the means of escape. Bancroft, the overseer, enters with a pistol. Clay seizes him, makes him drop the pistol, hustles him into a barn, and fastens him in. Again the lovers are departing, when Lacy arrives. At the same moment, in rushes the jealous Daphne, who has everything to gain by Lisa's escape. She sees Bancroft's pistol on the ground, snatches it up, levels it at Lacy, and the fugitives get off clear. Admire the situation. Bancroft is in the barn, and cannot stir. Lacy has a pistol at his head, and cannot stir. Daphne holds the murderous weapon, and will not stir. Clay and Lisa hear the steamboat whistle, calling them to freedom. The dead-lock in 'The Critic' is nothing to it.

Up to this point the plot has marched with the straightforward simplicity which marks all interesting plays. Here, however, it stops short. The drama goes to pieces and the audience to sleep. There are four more tableaux, and the author evidently relied on them for success. They were received with indifference. They are of the spectacular order, now supposed to be popular. Two of them are plainly borrowed from 'The World'; a third is concerned with the travail of a rising sun. Lisa and Clay have reached their Mississippi steamer. The usual scenes are being enacted on board. There are the banjo-playing negroes. There is the bar-tender and the office-clerk. There is the 'beat' from 'Kit,' and the card-players, and the flirtations, and the improvised quadrilles. Lacy comes in pursuit of the fugitives; the captain orders them to be put ashore, and in order to save them one of the passengers throws a lantern down the companion ladder, and in a few moments flames rise through the deck. The fire did not remove the chill in the audience. Mr. Campbell does not seem to know that flames, convulsions, sudden shocks, are not in themselves dramatic. The authors of 'The World' had the sense to accompany their explosion with the episode of the women's flight from the boats, and of the hero keeping back the men with his pistol. That bit of action gave the scene its success.

So it is with the succeeding tableau. Castaways on a raft at sea, a man clinging to a spar, are not in themselves dramatic. It is their suffering, or their fortitude, that gives them a reason for existence on the stage. Mr. Campbell seems to think that the mere picture is enough. He shows us the open river. The villain, with the usual luck of his class, has escaped from the wreck in a boat. Other passengers, who float across the stage, have had to content themselves with bales of burning cotton. Then comes an equipage, constructed we know not how, containing Lisa, apparently dead, and Clay apparently praying. They are thrown on a deserted island in the Mississippi. There they find Nance, who is going mad, and is about to reveal the secret of Lisa's birth, when she sees the ghost of the Judge, like Hamlet's father, and relapses into silence. So Lisa asks Clay to kill her, and he is about to do so when both catch a gleam of the rising sun, and are so absorbed in watching the antics of one of the most eccentric and frolicsome suns ever seen on the stage that they forget their determination to die and allow themselves to be recaptured. Luckily, however, Mr. Stieb, the lawyer, remembers the paper which Nance had dropped and which he had pocketed, and, finding it to contain the Judge's confession of Lisa's parentage, obtains her release. Daphne, the mistress of Lacy, dies, like Frou-Frou, to slow music, in white satin, and Lacy, who seems to have been concerned in her death, is handed over to justice.

We have dwelt at length on this play, which contains nothing that is new, because it proves the author to have in him the stuff of a really good dramatist. His grasp of a situation is strong; he knows his weakness in dialogue, and is, therefore, chary of words. His one unqualified success, 'My Partner,' relied entirely on the sturdiness of its plot. He may be counselled to seek less help from outside—to depend more on himself, and then he may give us a series of domestic dramas, both vigorous and invigorating. In 'The White Slave' he has the advantage of an excellent company. Miss Georgia Cayvan represents the heroine with intelligence and much picturesque force; Mr. Gustave Levick is robust and manly as the lover; Mr. Scanlon and Miss Marie Bates, as the negroes, fill the genuine darkies in the gallery with a hilarity very flattering to the actors' powers of observation.

THE ACTOR'S FUND has started well. On Monday afternoon all the theatres opened their doors in its cause. Everybody worked with a will. Pretty actresses went round gathering subscriptions; the police got \$11,000 for tickets. From the pinnacle of Wallack's Theatre, Jove, the great Olympian Jove, nodded on the enterprise; and if its success had been doubtful, that should have settled it. But its success was never doubtful. Actors had begun to see that if the public would not help them they must help themselves. They had begun to see that the spectacle of veterans lagging superfluous on the stage was discreditable to their guild. And, in truth, it is a pitiful sight. Who of us has not seen some old player, the delight of another generation, trying feebly to catch the applause of an age that knows him not—his eye dim, his limbs trembling, his voice shrill and childish? When T. P. Cooke was very old, his voice, once famed in nautical ballads, had turned to a lachrymose whine. In the sturdiest passages of 'Black Ey'd Susan' the gallery would shout sympathetically, 'Don't cry, Tom,' and the old player would reply, in plaintive treble, 'I'm not crying, boys.' How much better to have taken him to some pensioner's home, far from the footlights, where, seated in an arm-chair, he might recount the past to friends and visitors, the triumphs won, the trophies carried off, and so bequeath his fame unsullied to posterity.

But hitherto all attempts to make durable actor's funds have failed. It may be that players are too proud to appeal to them; it is certain that they have always been perverted from their proper uses. There is, or was, a Dramatic College in England; an asylum for the aged and infirm, supported by annual performances. The traveller, visiting it, would expect to find there the histrionic lights of other days, to hear pleasant stories of a by-gone stage, witty reminiscences, flashes of merriment. He finds a bed-ridden old woman. Who is she? She played in the opening of the Drury Lane Pantomime in 1820. And that old gentleman, hoeing weeds in the garden, who is he? He was harlequin at the same house in the following year. And this other, engaged in his solitary game of cards? He took checks at the Old Haymarket. They have tried the same experiment in France, and the result has been the same. The only system of insurance which has worked satisfactorily is that of the Théâtre Français, where a small percentage, deducted from the salaries, is paid back as a pension after so many years' service. The real fault lies with the actors themselves. There is no reason why, as a class, they should be more improvident than doctors, lawyers, journalists. Their art, the most limited known to man, is excellently well paid. In raising this fund they are doing a good thing; they are possibly feeding a comrade starving, they are possibly burying him dead; but surely it would be a higher achievement to act, not by spasms of generosity, but with a steady resolution to make provision for the future before the night cometh when no man can work.

Music

New York Chorus Society.—Second Concert.

For this concert (Steinway Hall, March 25th), Mr. Thomas had arranged a very interesting programme, of which the important novelties consisted of the new (seventh) movement of Rubinstein's 'Ocean Symphony,' and the 'Kyrie' and 'Gloria' from Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis.' The Rubinstein movement is a storm at sea, very graphically illustrated after the usual manner of orchestral storm music, but containing very little that is either new or interesting. In its proper place in the symphony, and taken as a portrayal of one of the aspects of the sea, it will undoubtedly have a higher value than can be claimed for it as a piece by itself. But as it is almost as long as a Mozart symphony, and the 'Ocean' already consists of six long movements, a performance of the entire work is an almost appalling possibility. The performance was really excellent. That of the two movements from the Beethoven 'Missa' was, on the other hand, almost beneath criticism—hardly a performance at all, but rather a rushing and scrambling through the notes of the composition. The chorus was ill-balanced, and had evidently had no adequate preparation for the enormous difficulties of the music. The singers, while hammering at the 'Gloria' (which was taken at so rapid a tempo that no chorus could be expected to sing it clearly), made very little tone, which little was badly muddled. The soloists, too, excepting Miss Cary, were unfit for their share of the work. With small voices this music goes for nothing. Why Mr. Thomas should persist in making use of these concerts simply as rehearsals for the coming festival we are at a loss to understand. Surely such a public performance as the one in question cannot but seriously compromise his reputation.—The residue of the programme embraced the unfinished symphony in B-minor by Schubert (a smooth and accurate, if somewhat dry rendering); the 'Voi che sapete,' from Mozart's 'Figaro,' (charmingly sung by Miss Cary); the scenes for baritone and chorus from Gluck's 'Alceste' (already heard this winter in Brooklyn, and really well sung by the New York Chorus), and two extremely uninteresting fragments from Berlioz's 'Benvenuto Cellini.'

N. Y. Philharmonic Club. Sixth Concert.

THE New York Philharmonic Club gave their sixth and last concert for this season at Chickering Hall on the evening of Tuesday last. The pianist on this occasion was Mr. Richard Hoffman, who gave a very delicate and refined rendering of the pianoforte part of Spohr's Quintette in D-minor, but was less happy in his solo pieces, a novelette of Schumann, the Gavotte in G-minor of Bach, and a transcription (presumably by himself) of the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's 'Scotch Symphony.' The transcription is a bright and clever bit of work, and was neatly played. So, indeed, were Mr. Hoffman's other numbers; but mere neatness and daintiness of touch were not sufficient to render either the novelette or the gavotte interesting. The former requires warmth and the latter variety of tone. Two new compositions, written for the Club by Mr. Rafael Joseffy call for no special notice; they are harmless little pieces in the style of Low and Lange, with an occasional side jump into a remote key or enharmonic modulation so as to appear profound and learned. Mendelssohn's Octette, op. 20, with which the concert closed, was rushed through rather than played. But as one of the first violins was almost constantly out of tune, and eight others seemed to have almost as many different ideas of the proper pitch, this was hardly to be regretted. A part for contrabass had been added for

some reason not stated; probably, however, because the person who added it knew better how to score or manage a nice balance of tone than Mendelssohn did. The addition (although the instrument was very discreetly played by Mr. Manoly) was decidedly offensive; the more so as the first violin has but a thin, weak tone, that is insufficiently heard at best, and in the broadly scored portions of the piece was completely lost.

Italian Opera.—"L'Africaine."

THE revival of this opera, which is justly entitled to be considered Meyerbeer's masterpiece, has been the noteworthy event of Mr. Mapleson's present season. It has been rehearsed and put on the stage with more care than was bestowed on most of the general repertory, and may be said to have been, in the main, fairly well sung. This is, at least, the best that can be said regarding the ladies of the cast. Mlle. Dotti, who sang the music of 'Ines' much better than anything she has done this season, is not really as competent for it as is Mlle. Valerga, who acted as her *compromaria*; while Mlle. Hauk, with somewhat more intelligence, as well as experience, does not sing any better than Mlle. Dotti. Mr. Mapleson's experiment of a season without a prima-donna may have been a remunerative one to him, but it has been hard on grand opera, and especially hard on 'L'Africaine,' the score of which calls for two very good sopranos. The Vasco di Gama of Signor Campanini is one of the finest of his impersonations. His voice of late has seemed to be regaining somewhat of its former freshness and quality; and as he uses it with perfect skill, his singing of the music was admirable. Signor Galassi also has a part in 'Nelusco,' in which his excellent voice and method, as well as dramatic force, are displayed at their best. It was these two excellent artists, together with the conductor, Signor Arditi, that made the success of 'L'Africaine.' The *mise en scène*, though very fine for the Academy, was only worthy of a third-class theatre.

The May Festival.

THE following is a list of the compositions to be performed at the May Music Festival, the names of the composers being chronologically arranged: Stradella, 1645-1678, 'Aria di Chiesa'; Corelli, 1685-1750, Sonata for Strings; Handel, 1685-1759, Oratorio, 'Israel in Egypt' and 'Jubilate,' written for the Peace of Utrecht; Gluck, 1714-1787, Overture and scene from 'Iphigenia in Aulis'; Boccherini, 1740-1806, 'Minuet'; Cimarosa, 1754-1801, Aria from 'Il Matrimonio Segreto'; Mozart, 1756-1791, Symphony in C ('Jupiter'), and Aria from the 'Magic Flute'; Cherubini, 1760-1842, Overture and finale of Act I. of 'Les deux Journées'; Mehul, 1763-1817, Aria from 'Joseph'; Beethoven, 1770-1827, 'Missa Solemnis,' Symphony in C-minor, and aria 'Abscheulicher,' from 'Fidelio'; Spontini, 1784-1851, Overture and scene from Act II. of 'La Vestale'; Spohr, 1784-1859, Aria from 'Jessonda'; Weber, 1786-1826, Recitative and aria, 'Ocean, thou Mighty Monster,' from 'Oberon'; Rossini, 1792-1866, Overture and terzetto from 'William Tell'; Schubert, 1797-1828, Symphony in C, No. 9; Donizetti, 1797-1848, Aria from 'La Favorita'; Bellini, 1802-1835, Finale from 'La Sonnambula'; Berlioz, 1803-1869, Act II. of 'La Prise de Troie'; Mendelssohn, 1809-1847, Overture, 'Ruy Blas'; Schumann, 1810-1857, Overture, 'Manfred'; Liszt, 1811, 'A Symphony to Dante's Divina Comedia'; Wagner, 1813, Fragments from each one of the dramas of 'The Ring of the Nibelungen,' and chorus from 'Die Meistersinger'; Verdi, 1814, Aria from 'Ernani'; Bazzini, 1818, Overture, 'Re Lear'; Rubinstein, 1829, Scene and air, 'E dunque ver.'

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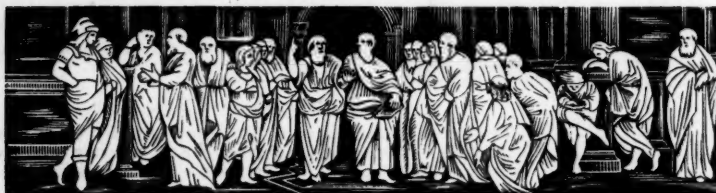
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